There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beſeech you ſir goe, my young Maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clowne. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on blacke monday laſt, at ſixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſh wenſday was foure yeare in th'afternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fiffe,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete,
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I have no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before ſir.
Miſtres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Chriſtian by
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What ſayes that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.

Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-ſlow in profit, and he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him helpe to waſt
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,
Doe as I bid you, ſhut doores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde.
A Proverbe never ſtale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Maſ

Grat. This is the penth
Deſired us to make ſtand.

Gra. And it is marvell h
For Lovers ever runne befo

Saler. O tenne times fa
To ſeale Loves bonds new
To keepe obliged faith unfo

Gra. That ever holds:
With that keene appetite th
Where is the horſe that do
His teadious meaſures, with
That he did pace them firſt
Are with more ſpirit chaſed
How like a younger, or a pr
The skarfed Barke puts fro
Hugg'd and embraced by th
How like the Prodigall dot
With over-weatherd ribbs
Leane, rent, and begger'd b

Ente

Saler. Heere comes *Lor*

Lor. Sweet friends, you
Not I, but my affaires, have
When you ſhall pleaſe to p
Ile watch as long for you th
Here dwels my Father Iew

Ieſ. Who are you? tell
Albeit Ile ſweare that I doe

Lor. Lorenſo and thy Lo

Ieſ. Lorenſo certaine, and
For who love I ſo much? a
But you *Lorenſo*, whether I

Lor. Heaven and thy tho

Ieſ. Here catch this Caſk
I am glad tis night you doe
For I am much aſham'd of m

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Atc